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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1854.

A New Style of Bricks.

Amongst the more recent inventions patented by the English manufacturers, perhaps the most important and interesting is that by Mr. Summerfield, of the Glass Works Birmingham Heath, for what are termed chromatic glass faced grooved bricks. It has already attracted the attention of several eminent architects and builders, and there is little doubt this new description of brick will come into extensive use. By Mr. Summerfield's process red or other clay can be combined with glass and this will secure durability, entire resistance to moisture, and give an ornamental appearance to the building. The form of the bricks is, also, by means of a groove at the side and end, made so as to all greatly to the strength of the erection, the joints, by this means, being brought nearly close together, forming a neat exterior, and the mortar acts as a wedge from the shape of the groove.

THE CROPS IN MINNESOTA.—Strangers now on a visit to our Territory express great surprise at the luxuriance of the crops raised this season in Minnesota, and declare that they far exceed their most sanguine expectations, and are much larger than those in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Iowa. The fact is, Minnesota is just getting known as an agricultural region, and ere long her rich lands will be rapidly taken up by the enterprising farmers from the older States, who are anxious to escape fevers and agues, and at the same time secure fertile farms. —[St. Paul's Pioneer.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.—The ten thousand shares of the stock fraudulently issued by Crane, the President, were assumed by the Vermont Central Company. An entire new board of directors was elected.

CURIOSITY OF SCIENCE.—Prof. Pepper, recently delivered a lecture in the Polytechnic Institute, London, before a large audience of mechanics, in which he remarked that the setting of the Thames on fire was no longer a joke, but a reality. By dashing a small bottle of sulphuric ether with a few particles of metal potassium into a flat cistern, a bright flame was produced, which illuminated the whole place. He then laid down four plates of red hot iron on four bricks, and one of his attendants walked over them barefoot, without any injury. By wetting his fingers in ammonia, the Professor dipped them into a crucible of melted lead, and let the metal run off in the shape of bullets into a shallow cistern of water.

It is estimated that the rice planters of the South have suffered a loss of \$3,000,000 by the late storm.

A DRY TIME SIXTY YEARS AGO.—In O'Reilly's History of Western New York, Dr. Corcoran, who settled in 1790 with his family, at the outlet of Seneca Lake, furnishes a sketch of the seasons and the health of this region for a series of years. He says that "in 1795 no rain fell either in June or July, the water in the lake lowered more than a foot, the heavens seemed on fire, the earth scorched, and the air saturated with pestilence." In 1816, the cold year, the season was very unhealthy.

CLAY'S ESTATE.—We are informed that George Law, the millionaire, and enterprising proprietor of a line of steamers to California, has sent an agent out to purchase the Ashland estate, the residence of Henry Clay. —[Louisville Times.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CORN.—A correspondent of the *Alton Telegraph* sends that paper the following. It is certainly worth a trial: "As there is great scarcity of corn in the country, and farmers are likely to be much inconvenienced by it, for food for their hogs, I am tempted to offer the following for their benefit. Cut timothy hay fine, and boil it well, to which add one part of oat meal or bran, to two of cut hay. This mixture will not only keep your hogs well, but fatten them. The same is good for milch cows. In 1844, necessity obliged me to use the above and it answered well."

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT OF THE CLEVELAND & TOLEDO RAILROAD.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Cleveland & Toledo Railroad Company, held on the 6th inst., Henry Martin, Esq., of Buffalo, was elected a Director and the President of said company, in place of Hon. S. F. Vinton, who gave notice of his resignation some months since. —[Railroad Record.

LARGE PEACH.—The Ohio Farmer says Thomas Hend, of Rockport, yesterday showed us a peach which measured ten inches in circumference.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him with so much drugs, that he was sick a long time after he got well.

You might as well expect to drive a plowshare through a wasp's nest in open day, and not be stung, as to be truthful without giving offence.

The Progress of Discovery.

No man can tell where the improvements in the arts will stop, or what discoveries are yet to be evolved from the still wide and unbounded unknown. When we think of what was a century ago, and what is now; when we review the inventions which have made during that period, and pass them before the mind, they almost seem too numerous and great to our belief. In 1805 there were only four steam engines in the United States; not a steamboat, not a railroad, not a locomotive. Few machines of any kind were made then, and scarcely any kind of manufacturing operations conducted. In 1840, there was not an established line of telegraph in our country; now we have no less than twenty-three or four thousand miles of wires. The Daguerreotype is but a few years of age, and the vulcanization of India rubber no older. In the manufacture and improvement of various tools, vast progress has been made in a very few years. The printing press, from the slow hand machine, printing a few hundred copies in an hour, has been yoked to the steam engine, and now throws off thousands of copies in the same time. It is impossible for us to enumerate a tithe of all the inventions and discoveries which have been made during the past century; they are almost beyond computation. Our object is to present the subject for reflection to the numerous ingenious men in our country. The field before them is still a comprehensive one. Some new discovery may yet be made whereby the air above may be as safely and economically navigated as the waters beneath. In agriculture, in machinery and in chemistry, what stores of new wonders may be developed. Every man who makes a new improvement or discovery is a public benefactor. His labors vibrate far beyond the boundaries of his own existence, even to distant generations. —[Scienc. Amer.

The Tennessee Governor and Judge who have been complimenting each other with special labor, to show that they have not forgotten their original occupations, get some hard rubs through the press. Among the remarks upon their "barter trade" is the following from the *New York Atlas*:

"Governor Johnson was once a taylor! Indeed! We are well apprised of that fact, for we recollect that he, a good many years ago, placed a patch on the seat of a pair of yellow kersey breeches we had—we took them off and sat in our shirt on a 'raw and gusty day' in Knoxville, Tennessee, whilst he was doing it—and he charged a dollar for the job. And then the job was such a terrible *bum*! We shall never forget it. If Governor Johnson, who has been in the Legislature of Tennessee and eight years in Congress, is not a better Governor than he was a taylor, we shall not be very apt to applaud him. This thing of snobs showing off through their original occupation is especially ridiculous."

The *New Orleans Picayune*, remarking on the same affair, says:

"Judge Pepper has made an iron shovel with his own hands, which he presented to Gov. Johnson; and Gov. Johnson, in return, cuts and makes a sack coat, with his own hands, which he sends to Judge Pepper. The whole affair is a piece of transparent humbug. It is very creditable for the blacksmith and taylor that, by a system of adulteration, they have become men of high consideration in public life; but it becomes more puerility when they pause in their avocations to play at mechanic again, in order to recall the public attention to their former condition and make people gaze at their elevation. It is honorable for a taylor to become a Governor or a blacksmith a Judge, and the world is ready enough to recognize the mental vigor which produced these effects; but for a Governor and Judge to play at mechanic, to create amusement or wonder among the multitude, is a piece of buffoonery which is hardly respectable."

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION, "A NINE DAYS WONDER."—It is said to have been derived from the memorable reign of Lady Jane Grey. She was proclaimed Queen of England July 10th, 1553, four days after the decease of King Edward VI, and seems to have relinquished that title and state on the 19th following—a period of nine days, but she is believed, although reluctantly to have assumed the royal dignity immediately after King Edward's demise. This presumption creates the supposition that her reign really extended to thirteen days. The earliest public documents hitherto discovered are, however, dated July 9th, and the latest on July 18, 1553. The writer of the article on "Lady Jane Grey," in the *Biographia Britannica* concludes: "Thus we are come to an end of the diary of that short reign, that, from its continuance, is said to have given birth to the common proverb of 'a nine days' wonder.'" —[New York Sunday Times.

KNOW NOTHINGS IN BALTIMORE. A Baltimore correspondent of the *Richmond Bulletin* writes: "Learn that the Know Nothings are actively engaged in preparing for the fall election. That this mysterious party is strong in Baltimore cannot be doubted. They claim to have seventeen thousand members within the city limits and expect to elect their Mayor by 8000 to 6000 majority. The entire State of Maryland is full of them, and they are said to be increasing with wonderful rapidity."

A CHEAP BAROMETER.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes as follows: "For some years I have been in the habit of watching the gum in my wife's camphor bottle, which stands in our bedroom. And when not disturbed it makes a capital weather glass. It answers my purpose as well as a barometer that would cost me from \$25 to \$50. When there is to be a change of weather from fair to windy or wet, the thin flakes of the gum will rise up, and sometimes when there was to be a great storm, I have seen them at the top. When they settle down clearly at the bottom then we are sure of grand weather. Any farmer who will watch his wife's camphor bottle for a season will never have occasion to watch the birds or locust for indications of a change in the weather."

From New York Mirror.

A Silent Scourge.

Never was the near future of political parties in this country so seething with anxious hopes, and doubts, and fears; never so pregnant with inexplicable terrors to time-servers and placemen; never so ominous to demagogues and hucksters in the field of politics as now. From the tap-room to the Senate Chamber, wherever party organization has heretofore stalked, confident and defiant—wherever the edict of the bullock-governed caucus has decided nominations and appointments, and ruled with a rude, yet iron hand, the rank and file of the people—led like sheep to the slaughter—at the ballot-box, all is dismay and trembling. The mouthing impudence, so brazen and frolicsome until now, is as suddenly hushed as though the finger of death was on its lips—no grim skeleton ever brought such stillness to an Egyptian. The people are now open to hear, all eyes are starting to see, and all tongues are questioning the course of the silent scourge that has risen up in the land, invisible and secret as sleeping lightning, to rebuke and punish the traders and traitors who have so long corrupted the national franchise, and brought the country to shame—and nigh to ruin.

Who is it—what is it—and where is it—this scourge, so potent and purifying? Who conceived it—who evolved it—and how and where is it to end, if indeed, it end at all? Mighty and mysterious scourge preceded by no rumbling, yet it stirs all the land, bursting like a sudden earthquake wherever its fires are called to purge Freedom's palladium, and make the ballot box what the framers of the Republic intended,

—"*A weapon surer yet, And mightier than the bayonet, A weapon, that comes down as still As snow flakes fall upon the sod, And executes a freeman's will, As lightning do the will of God!*"

East and West, and North and South—in the chief marts and capitals of the Union, its stroke has fallen swift and sure, and politicians and parties, stripped of every gauge of accustomed calculation, have only been aware of its presence when they saw their petted candidates, and schemes rolling heedless in the ditch of overwhelming defeat. New Orleans, long at the mercy of insolent, foreign-born brawlers, bears witness. So does Washington, as it will, despite the executive guillotine that flashes its knife madly and in vain. So do St. Louis—where the German boasted that the American should be put down—and Philadelphia—desecrated too long by foreign-born mobs—and Mobile, and Norfolk, and many a lesser place we might name. And so, by and by, in our own city and State, this silent scourge will fall, and many a demagogue's back will writhe under the biting blow, and all true men will gladly confess that this is yet an American land, and that Americans can and will rule it, as they ought ever to have done.

And far wider than municipalities and States, the blow will be struck all over the Union, and the next occupant of the White House chair will owe his elevation—of which he must be worthy—to invisible hands. Even now, while no man can say of more than is said of the wind. "It goeth and cometh as it listeth," there is fright and confusion in every political camp. The master demagogues, the whippers in the men who have been the leaders, the Sampsons of their host, grope stone-blind in the midst of their temples, waiting to be buried when the pillars shall be shaken by the coming scourge. The tricky place-men feel their doom at hand. They would trade to avert it, but they idly beat the air in their search for the angel of the scourge. Here he is, and there he is, they cry—but they find him not. One says the scourge is against that party, and another that it is against this; yet the only thing men know is this—that it is against all men, and all parties, who have been false, or are likely—having the power—to be false to this Union, this American Republic.

If any party may seem—as one perhaps does—to have most severely felt the scourge, it is because that party has most betrayed and trampled on the principles that should accompany its sacred name; because its possession of that name—a pretentious cheat—has most enabled it to barter the offices and interests of the land to a foreign horde. No other party could have so sold a country, and raised up in its midst a sedition against its most cherished institutions and ideas—nor can this one do it longer, nor could it have done it, but for a delusive name, and the easy temper, until thoroughly aroused of the American people. The game is now up! Neither coaxing nor threatening can stay the impending blow, that is to punish the shameless traders and traitors, native or foreign, until every citizen shall be glad and proud to say, "I, too, am an American."

The secret forces that wield the silent scourge clearly understand their work. They aim at the right mark. They strike no indiscriminate blows but smite the jockies who have carried the foreign horse; (worse than the fabled Greek,) who have seduced and misled the people, and for a time have played their game and plunder with-out check. These are the heads to lop off, be they little or big, be they representatives or executives. Its silence preserved, a paragonization avoided, and eternal vigilance—the price of liberty—written on its front, and all men will bless this scourge. It will purify the land. It will bury all young or old foreignness, and, placing the destinies of the country in American hands, at home and abroad, will make the name of the American Republic honored and respected throughout the world—which is not the case now. We warn nobody, for we know nothing more than is open and visible, to all who choose to see. But we reckon a warning is felt, and that it has struck deep in the right quarter, and will strike deeper, until the joints of political schemers are made to rattle louder than did ever the "dry bones" in the valley. All we have to say is, God spread the silent scourge, until its bravely begun work is triumphantly done!

Keep it Before the People.

The following remarks, circulating in several papers, are suggestive of many considerations, which a desire for the advancement of the cause of religious truth induces us to promote:

1. Keep it before the people—That, next to the pulpit, the press is the most potent instrument of good to the Church and the world in operation at the present day.
2. Keep it before the people—That the cheapest, easiest, and most interesting medium of conveying to a family information on a vast variety of important subjects, is through the well-stored columns of a judiciously conducted paper.
3. Keep it before the people—That the head of a family who refuse to subscribe and pay for a good paper on account of its cost, is "penny-wise and pound foolish," as he not only keeps himself ignorant of many things they ought to know, which cannot be acquired in any other way, but he excludes himself from information of practical utility, oftentimes contained in a single number; which may be worth to him many times as much as the subscription for the whole year.
4. Keep it before the people—That the preparation and issue of every number of a paper is attended with considerable labor and cost, and that it is something more than manna for a man to make a practice of borrowing and reading a paper for which other people have had the honor and honesty to subscribe and pay.
5. Keep it before the people—That every well conducted paper is worth a hundred fold more than what it costs in its influence on individual and public intelligence; morality and religion; and that they are true patriots who conscientiously and liberally support a vigorous and enlightened press.

NO MORE LANDS TO BE RESERVED FOR RAILROADS.—The following letter from the Secretary of the Interior, addressed to the Hon. Alfred Iverson, gives the conclusion to which the Department has come in reference to public lands reserved for railroads. We find it in the *Columbus (Ga.) Times* of August 30: Department of the Interior, Aug. 25, '54. Sir—In reply to yours of the 21st, requesting that the President withdraw from sale of private entry the lands within a belt of twelve miles on each side of the proposed Mobile and Girard Railroad, I have to state that the whole subject of the withdrawal of lands for railroad purposes has recently been fully examined and considered, and that it has been determined, with the appropriation of the President, to bring into market, with as little delay as is practicable, all lands heretofore withdrawn for such roads as have not been favorably acted upon by Congress, and to decline hereafter to withdraw lands for such purposes until after the grant shall have been actually made.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. McCLELLAN, Secretary.
Hon. Alfred Iverson, Columbus, Ga.

MANNERS.—Good manners add lustre to virtue. Their object is to oblige, and pay proper attention to others. In order, therefore, to inspire children with such disposition, we should endeavor early to infuse the spirit of that precept—"honor all men;" and teach them that kindness and civility are due to all; that a haughty, positive, contemptuous manner is not only illbred, but unchristian; and especially to be avoided in our behavior to servants, or those in inferior stations in life. To these they should never be suffered to behave with haughtiness, nor even be allowed to speak with a commanding tone of voice; as it will have a direct tendency to cherish pride and self-importance.

It is also necessary to guard children against vulgar habits, as loud talking or laughing. Whispering in company does not comport with good manners, and mimicry is the favorite amusement of low minds. Speaking when it interrupts reading or conversation, and the habit of contradicting others, are improper, and should be checked.

At meals, children of suitable age should be admitted to the table with the family, when convenient. This privilege will improve their manners and tend to prevent bashfulness and awkwardness.

HOW PAT LEARNED TO MAKE A FIRE. "Can you make a fire, Pat?" asked a gentleman of a newly arrived son of Erin. "Indeed can sir, and I learned to do that same, yer honor, to my cost sure. When I came over, yer see, there was no one along wid me except myself alone and my sister Bridget. When we got ashore we went together to a boarding house, and when I got to bed I took the coat and shirt off my back, and for fear some dirty spalpeen would be after stealin' 'em, I put 'em away, snug and tidy, in a great iron chest, that stood right foremost the bed. In the morning when the day was breaking through me winder, says I to myself, the top of the mornin' to ye, Pat; is yer clothes ash? And jist opened the door of the big chest, and by gora, the coat off my body, and the shirt off me back, was burnt to ashes. Bedad sir, that odd div of a chest was a stove, bad luck to it; and 'ver since I've know'd how to kindle a fire sir."

You rarely, if ever, see a politician with smooth hair; a great scholar with fine hair; an artist with red hair, a top writer, a minister with long hair, or an editor whose hair is carefully adjusted.

THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION.—We all recollect the anecdote of a proud boy, who boasted that his father had a horse, when his companion, of a poorer parentage, replied, exultingly, "And my father has a horse and *two* too." A short time ago, a handsome little fellow between three and four years of age, was asked whether he did not want to go to church. He said "no," for he got so tired of hearing "the man talk,"—meaning the preacher of the sermon. "But," continued his aunt, "they've got a pretty organ there—music." The juvenile's eyes brightened at this intelligence, when he innocently asked, "is they got a monkey too?" Such is the force of association.

For London Free Press.

The March of Time—Voice of an Old Man.

BY GLADSTONE.

When youthful time began to roll,
This earth from chaos sprung,
Then man became a living soul,
While Angels sweetly sung.

Ten thousand beauties then did spring,
All over this blooming earth,
Then all God's works did sweetly sing,
The glory of their birth.

Fair Eden's joys no tongue could tell,
All over this blooming earth,
Then all God's works did sweetly sing,
The glory of their birth.

As time rolled on—poor Adam fell,
And with him all his race,
They all were doomed to land in hell,
Till Jesus offered grace.

Old time will bring the second flight,
Without a moments stay,
I once was young and had good sight,
But time has made me gray.

Time makes the mighty ocean roar,
With waves upon its breast;
Time rolls its tide from shore to shore,
Without a moments rest.

The march of time brings day and night,
All over the earth and sea,
Nations, lie buried in its flight;
It soon will bury me.

My poor old bark's been sailing long,
Way down the gulf of time,
My friends and kindred all are gone,
And I am left behind.

Young men are sailing on with me,
Along times rugged tide,
All bound for vast eternity
As fast as time can glide.

My dear young friends now as we lie,
I hear the breaker's roar,
Teach us, O God, how we must die,
To land at Heaven's door.

Old time itself will cease to roll,
When Gabriel's trump shall sound,
Then God will raise each sleeping soul,
And judge the nations round.

Then Christ will call his servants home,
In Heaven for to dwell,
The wicked then will upwards groan;
Amidst the woes of hell.

Bradley county, Sept. 13th, 1854.

LETTER OF HON. HENRY A. WISE.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

We referred yesterday to an interesting correspondence between Rev. Dr. Adams of Boston and Hon. H. A. Wise. Dr. A. propounds in his letter the following inquiries:

At the South I heard you, sir, and your opinions spoken of with great respect as representing one side of the subject. It would strengthen me much in my aim to do good to know your opinions on a few points, viz:

1. What idea have you of the destiny of the slave population in the United States?

2. What is your conviction with regard to the practicability and usefulness to all concerned of the colonization scheme?

3. If a slave asserts his liberty and runs away, do you feel that he ought to be recovered, and has he a natural right to escape if he chooses?

4. Does slavery west of Georgia and in the Southwest differ much as to severity from that in the eastern and central southern States?

5. Is emancipation desirable or possible in any view of it, if the blacks are to remain here? Where did John Randolph's slaves find refuge at last, after being driven out by several free States?

Mr. Wise's reply is a splendid production; cogent in its reasoning; and original, striking in its illustrations; vigorous, manly and eloquent throughout. We regret that we have not space to lay before our readers even such a synopsis of it as will do justice to its unanswerable argument, commanding eloquence and lofty tone.

He begins by enlightening Dr. Adams as to the feelings and relations of the South in the matter of slavery. He shows that slaves are sacred as property by the moral as well as municipal law, and that the interference of the North can only alienate the affection of patriots on which alone the Union rests. His answer to the first question is admirable, replete with sound sense and playful wit. Mr. Wise does not profess to know the designs of Providence. Nevertheless, he has no doubt some wise end was in view, in bringing Africans from a worse state of slavery in their own country to a milder one here, and from Paganism to Christianity. In two centuries, 434,675 of them in the United States have been set free, and the Slave States have liberated more than the Free States. The following passage, showing the effect of American slavery upon the African is so strong and striking that we must give it entire:

There are 3,204, 313 slave population in the United States, which, for civilization, arts, arms, social and moral blessings, are worth all the principalities, powers, and peoples of all Africa without excepting the Dutch, Portuguese and English settlements there, from the Nile, through Timbuctoo, to the Cape of Good Hope. In the very words I would repeat this proposition a thousand times to emphasize it and show I mean literally what I say: *that the descendants of Africa now here in bondage, in the United States, are in mass, as a whole, wealth of people, in bodily comfort, morality, enlightenment, Christianity, and actual personal freedom, worth more than their mother country entire, not excepting the Europeans there combined with the natives!* This is no boast, but a fact which challenges comparison! This is an enormous result. Nothing short of the power of God could have effected this prodigious result upon near four millions of human beings in so short a time as that of two centuries: God's churches in the southern States of this Union have done this, some and all, by operating both upon the masters and the slaves. The Methodist and Baptist churches have been the great apostles among these Gentiles. And thus I add another proposition, to wit: *that slavery, American slavery in the United States, has been the most efficient missionary among the heathen in the last two centuries.* Not by going to Africa and raising altars there at first, but by bringing the fathers here and preparing priests to go back to Africa and bear the christian torch through the darkness of their night.

The answer of Mr. Wise to the first question

is—The destiny of the slave population in the United States is towards Africa. The second question is answered by the reply to the first. Looking to the ends of ultimate colonization, and what he considers the true policy of the States at home. Mr. Wise would prohibit by law the future emigration of the free colored population from the slave to the free States. He expresses the opinion that a marked revolution would have been produced if slave labor had been permitted in California. He thinks Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, and perhaps the cotton and sugar plantations would have been emptied of black laborers, to work the gold mines. This, says Mr. Wise, "would not have diffused *slaves power*, but would rather have concentrated the slaves all, comparatively, in one State and thus have weakened its federal strength in the Union; and five years of their labor in the gold mines would have enriched masters so that they could more ably emancipate them at the end of that time, than they could now sell them for a full market price; and when emancipation, there was all Polynesia—all the isles of the Pacific—before them for colonization in the pleasant place for them on earth."

Therefore, Mr. Wise thinks fanaticism defeated its own ends in excluding slavery from California. Mr. Wise denounces the military usurpation of Gen. Riley, who, from the camp proclaimed a territorial government, &c. To the third question, he replies that the slave has no natural right to escape, for his social are his natural rights, and the law of his social being forbids his chance to escape. To the fourth question he answers, that there is not a better provided body of laborers on earth than the slaves, and that slavery nowhere in the United States is severe. To the fifth question he gives an emphatic negative. And he adds: "We can free them as fast, and faster, than they can be colonized in some land of better promise to them."

Mr. Wise, concludes his capital letter, by invoking Dr. Adams to put Boston philanthropy at removing the beam out of its own eye, of furnishing vessels and cargoes to the Brazilian African slave trade; to teach the philanthropists to be charitable to men of their own race and blood; to obey the laws and put down mobs.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.—To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than in cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a low latitude, or by the motion of a saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. It condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple the philosophy of rain! What but Omnipotence could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth!

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!" The *Albany Argus*, the leading Democratic paper of New York, one of the strongest advocates of the election of Mr. Pierce, but now a Hard Democratic paper and one of the severest opponents of the Administration, takes occasion to give the President and Cabinet the following complimentary notice:

"With a distracted Cabinet and mutual recriminations attending every private discussion of public affairs—without nerve in the Executive, and with advisers who possess neither the confidence nor the respect of any portion of the people—with a party which dare not be responsible for its acts—and a policy which exhausts itself in the details of petty post office appointments—this Administration must go down in history characterized by nothing but falsified expectations, ridiculous pretenses and impotent purposes."

TO-MORROW.
Don't tell me of to-morrow,
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
"Let's do the deed to-day!"
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, and comes too late!

Another National Holiday.
There is some talk among the Bostonians of celebrating the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, which occurs on the 17th of the present month. We go in for this new holiday. There is no government in the world where there are so few National Holidays as in the United States. Again this comes at a season of the year when the energies are not enervated with heat; it is peculiarly better adapted for a National Holiday for this reason. As it is under the Constitutional law that this country has flourished and the liberties of the people been maintained, a celebration of the event which permanently established the Constitution is peculiarly appropriate. Horrab for Fourth of July No. 2.—[Albany Transcript.